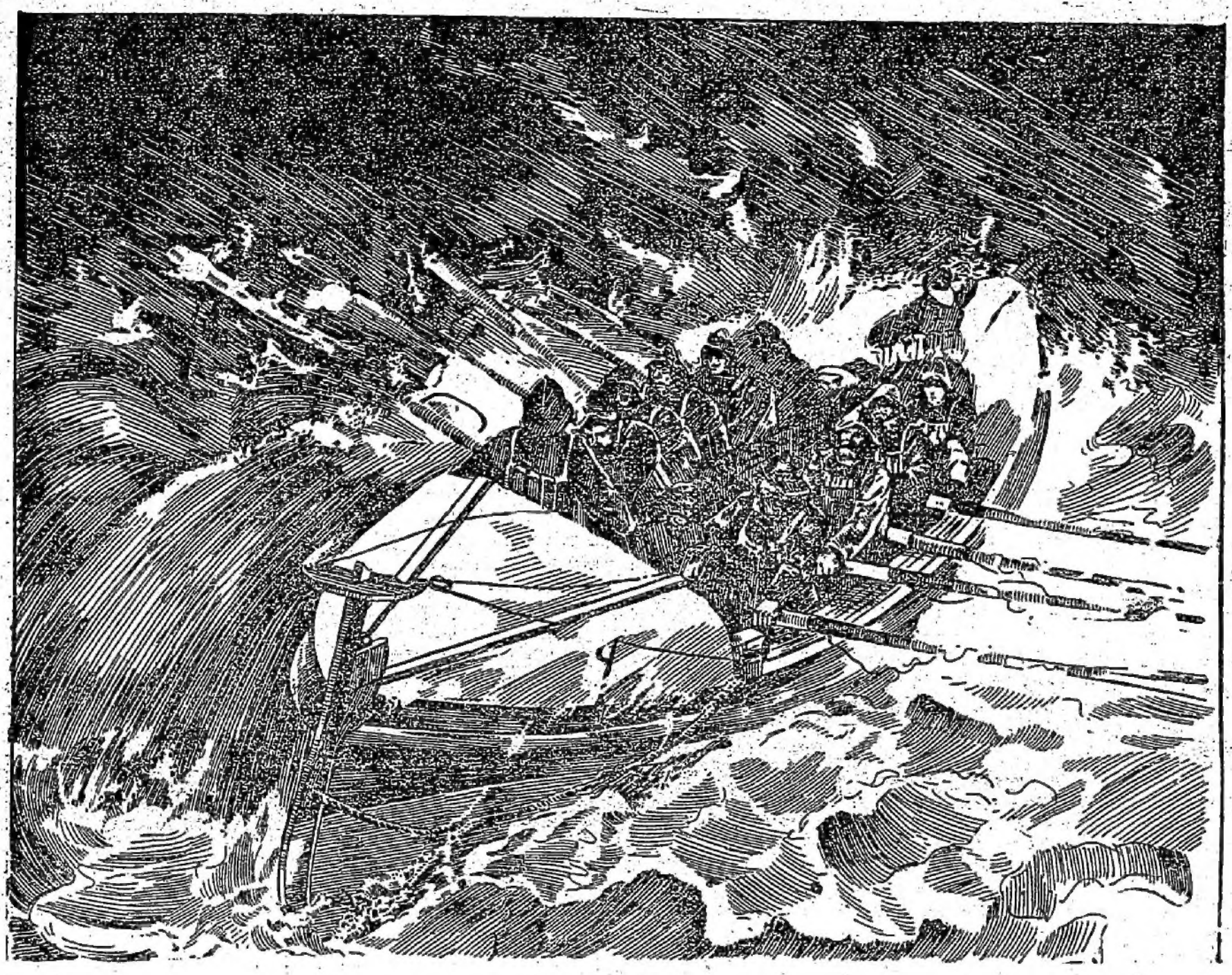
Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVI., No. 11. MONTREAL, MARCH 15, 1901. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid



OUR COAST FISHERMEN TO THE RESCUE

The Bible in the Philippines.

'The reception of the Scriptures by the Filipinos has been with an eagerness on every hand that is only to be explained by the preparation and power of the Holy Spirit,' writes the Rev. Jay C. Goodrich in a recent letter to the American Bible Society, of which he is an agent. 'They are not satisfied with buying and reading the Bible, but keep asking for books on Bible study, and choose Bibles with references and maps. They are thoroughly prepared for the word and buy readily. The people who are here from other islands and other parts of Luzon are anxious to have copies to send to their friends and relatives, and will often sacrifice in order to purchase them. We have only in a few cases met the work of the priests in poisoning the minds of the people against the Protestant Bible, and compelling their burning under threat of excommunication; it is not common, and we hope that as the government of the islands becomes settled that all persecution will disappear.

'A Chinese pedler came to the door of our office the other day to offer for sale some notions. We did not need his wares, but thought he could use ours, so showed him a gospel. His face lighted up as he took it and asked, "No mass?" We showed him others, and before he bade us a polite "adios" he had purchased the gospels and a Testament. He went his way happy in his new possessions. The people are hungry for the Word.

'Our hearts have been chilled and our righteous indignation aroused by the uncovered crimes of compulsory ignorance and religious bigotry and oppression in these most beautiful islands, crimes for the most part against a people as teachable and apt to learn as any in the world. It is not our purpose to lay these crimes at any door, but to point out the fact that these outrages on the name of Christianity would not have been possible had there been an open Bible, and to the plain duty devolving upon Protestantism to give as speedily as possible to these missions so providentially brought to our notice and under our care, God's message. To the great multitude who cannot read the Bible, it is a closed book. Our first missionary duty is to enlighten.

It will be advisable to establish a Bible Society depository in the principal city of each island as rapidly as reliable men can be found to sell the books on commission. On both Panay and Negroes the Spanish-speaking natives are very anxious for Protestant work and the Bible. For all kinds of Christian work, and especially the distribution of the Scriptures, the prospect is very bright.

'A very interesting feature of duties here will be the work among the Chinese. There is said to be about one hundred thousand in and about Manilla.

'The Chinese are coming into Manilla rapidly, and will hold their place as the chief commercial people of the city. The figures given as the present Chinese population is far below the actual.

'We are finding many remarkable cases of conversion by reading the Scriptures.'

The American Bible Society has authorized its agent in Manilla to proceed at once to engage suitable men to prepare tentative versions of the gospels in Pampanga, Visayan, Cebuan, Zambal, and Ilocano. The emergency is said to be such that it is not deemed advisable to wait till men learned in Greek become competent to undertake this important work, and the versions must at first be made, not from the original, but from the society's modern version of the Spanish.

How the Light Came to Me.

A PERSONAL TESTIMONY.

(By the Rev. John McNeill, in 'The Christian.')

I remember it was like this. I was a young fellow, a booking-clerk, about seventeen or eighteen years old. I cannot say I was terribly anxious. That is where some of you make a mistake; you think that unless you are in a terrible state of anxiety about your sins you are not ripe for being saved. Don't you raise difficulties and put conditions where God has put none:—'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' Don't be working up something; let yourself alone. You must come as you are; you could not come as you are not.

I knew my Bible well, and the Shorter Catechism; I could say it in my sleep—can say it yet. But our Scottish Shorter Catechism is just the Bible boiled down. Justification by faith, effectual calling, the work of Christ, and so forth—I knew it all by heart, and the proof-texts; but I was as blind as a bat to it all; I had no light and no peace. I remember I just wanted to know what it was to be saved; though, as I say, I was not very anxious, or in a state about my sins. I knew that I was getting a year older, a year harder and colder, and nearer to sin and wickedness; although I had had no outward career of cursing or swearing, or drinking or badness. But I was honest enough to feel in my heart that I was not saved in God's sight. It is a great matter when God saves you from being a self-righteous Pharisee, even though as yet true salvation has not come.

I wanted to get into the light, but I never could have stayed to an after-meeting; so I can sympathize with the people who, when a second meeting is mentioned, just bolt as if the police were after them. I was then staying all through the week in the old town of Greenock. Every Saturday night I walked to our quiet village to spend the Sabbath at home with father and mother and the rest of them. I could never have spoken about my soul to the minister. But the minister's son and I were great chums. Although I was only a quarryman's son, my father belonged to the spiritual aristocracy, and it was no degradation for the minister's son and quarryman's son to 'hunt in couples.' We used to talk together, as young fellows will talk, about sweethearts and a lot of other things; we also talked about something that was not settled, but we felt the time was ripe for settlement about becoming a true Christian.

We agreed we would try to find out, and I remember one evening I wrote to my minister from the booking-office. I said something like this:—'I cannot say that I am greatly anxious, but I do feel that I ought to decide. If I do not decide for Christ, the world won't allow me to be half-hearted.' And it won't. You will have to decide one way or the other. I was very full of knowledge of the Bible, as I thought, and I fancied the difficulty was in the Bible, not in me. So I said to the minister, 'I will give you a text (Acts xvi., 31), which says, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." I believe in Jesus Christ. I am no atheist or blasphemer. I believe all about him, but do not feel one bit the better for it.' And I sent away the letter with the kind of notion that I had given the minister a poser.

Two or three days passed. I remember I was at the booking-office third-class window—I never go to a railway-station but I think of it. I was just about flinging up the window to serve tickets for the sugar-brokers' train to Glasgow at 10.30, when the postman came round and gave me a letter. I looked at the letter and saw from the postmark that it was from my minister; I knew it was an answer to mine. I tore it open and read something like this, and it was a sort of prophecy:—

'My dear John, you will never know, unless you become a minister yourself' (I had no more idea then of such a thing than that lad down there probably has) 'how glad I am to get such a frank letter from you about salvation, although you may be still in the dark as yet! I am glad you have fastened on a text. It is a good one, and I will join controversy with you there. You say you believe all about Jesus Christ, but you do not feel a bit the better. Now, I put it in this way: Which am I to believe? you who, after consulting with your feelings, pronounce your own verdict on yourself and say you cannot be saved because you do not feel any the better? Or am I to believe God speaking in his Word and pronouncing his verdict, and saying that if you believe in Christ as you say you do, you are saved, and you will be saved for ever and ever?'

This way of putting it, dear friends, may do nothing for you; but to me it was just like lifting a curtain. I saw the whole thing on its human side. It was not feeling—it was believing; trusting Jesus, no matter what I felt or did not feel. And the minister clenched it by saying: 'Besides, John, I am surprised that a lad of your education and upbringing should quote Scripture so badly. It is not, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you will never feel a bit the better for it."' That took me down a great many pegs. Why, I saw that I was not really believing in Christ at all; I was knocking the Bible end-ways. I was believing in myself—in my own heart. And the Scripture says: 'He that trusteth in his own heart is a'—philosopher? No—'is a fool.' And philosopher is often just fool, writ large.

Do you see it now? That is how it came to me. I had no great feelings; I did not shout Hallelujah! for I am a Presbyterian, and they are not of the shouting kind. But I saw what it is to trust in Jesus and be saved, just as you are, immediately, without any feelings up or down. I went out and took a walk along the platform. I thought I would not fling up the ticket-office window just yet. It was my first walk in the light of salvation. And do you know, it made this difference: I had taken that walk along the length of the platform times and times every day; but that morning I remember saying to myself: 'Has the place been whitewashed?' The very dingy, dirty, smoky old bricks looked whiter; it actually seemed as if there had been a cleaning going on there; it does make a difference!

The common air, the earth, the skies,
To me were opening Paradise.

That is all there was about it. Except this: for we are queer creatures—George, my companion, the minister's son, was also seeking salvation. Mr. Moody came along to Glasgow. George wrote to me and said: 'I have been to Moody's meetings, and I am just where I was; I have no light.' When I read that from George—would you believe it?—I went back into the dark again. I said to myself, 'This cannot be real. There is Geordie, a sharp fellow, and the minister's son; I doubt I am wrong after all.' I actually turned away back into the dark out of sympathy with Geordie. Twenty-four hours later there came another letter from Geordie. Ho! it was nearly fizzling in my fingers. I opened it and read. He had been at another meeting. Mr. Moody had pushed the young men up in a corner with a kind of rush and rally, and shut them up to Christ; and Geordie was full of it. 'Man, John,' he said, 'don't you see it is not your feelings; it is simply taking Christ at his word.'

Next day we met, and George was full of it again. 'John, don't you see it?' 'Man,' said I, 'I saw it before you did; but because you could not see it I thought I was wrong.' And we rejoiced together. I was telling him about it when I met him lately in Brooklyn, where he lives. My old minister is gone now. Two years ago the son and I were both back in Scotland. The minister died, and my old companion and I met when laying his father's dust in the grave in the quiet old village. I believe God arranged it so.

Now, will you trust him? Look to Jesus, for he does save. Years have passed since then, and all I have been doing has been simply still looking and trusting. I have had feelings and convictions of sin—aye, deeper convictions since I was converted than before.

Do not look in wrong directions. I had one battle—just one—the next morning. I woke up, of course, the same old fellow. I had to go back to the booking-office to meet the other clerks and temptations of different kinds. And I was as cold as ice again, as if I had slept it all off. I said: 'It has been mere excitement. Here you are, as flat as a flounder! There is nothing in it.' Where I rallied was here. I said to myself in my misery and wretchedness next morning, and thinking it was all a delusion: 'Now, has the Bible altered through the night? Has Acts xvi., 31 altered? No! Has the value of the finished work of Christ altered, or the worth of his blood and righteousness and intercession? No! Then nothing has altered on which you were relying and trusting; it is only your feelings that have altered; and you are not saved by that. You are saved through faith in Christ.' Dear men and women, get over the bar of feeling and into the harbor. Trust in Jesus.

BILLY BRAY, THE CORNISH PREACHER.

This wonderfully interesting book (paper cover) gives an anecdotal sketchy life of one of the most effective preachers ever used by God for the salvation of souls. This book free to 'Messenger' subscribers sending two new subscriptions at thirty cents each.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN PHILIPPIANS.

Mar. 17, Sun.—Work out your own salvation.

Mar. 18, Mon.—For it is God which worketh in you.

Mar. 19, Tues.—Do all things without murmurings and disputings.

Mar. 20, Wed.—That ye may be blameless, and harmless, the sons of God.

Mar. 21, Thur.—Holding forth the word of life.

Mar. 22, Fri.—Rejoice in the Lord.

Mar. 23, Sat.—What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.

BOYS AND GIRLS

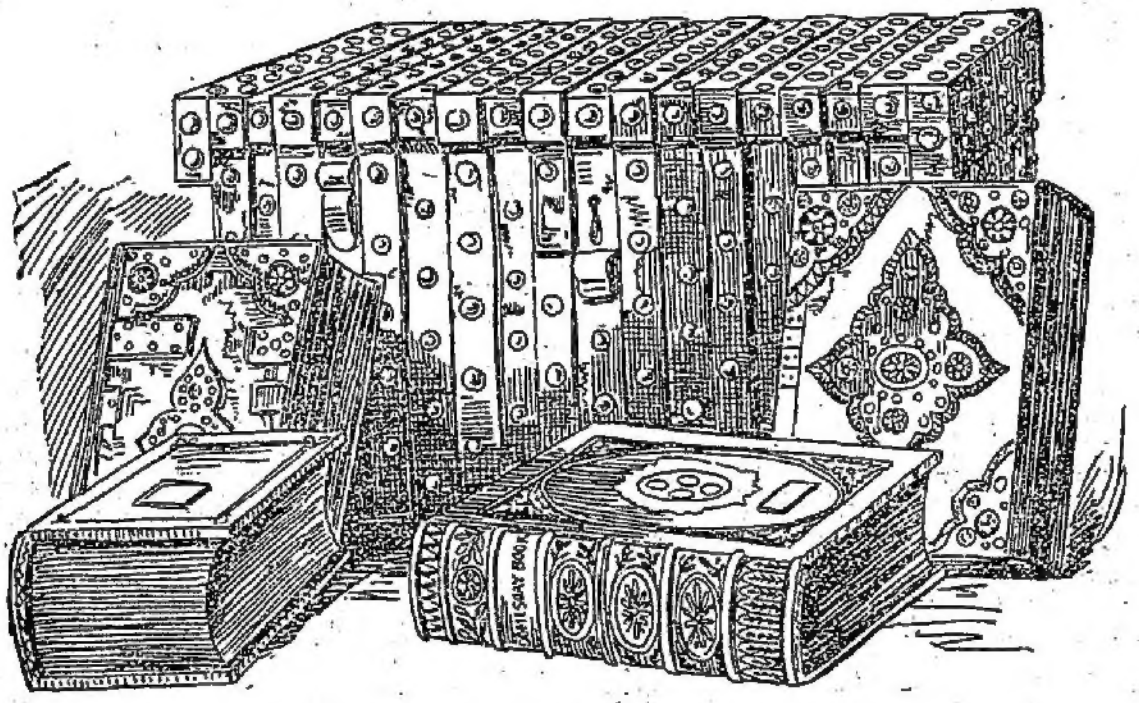
Lessons from an Old Book.

When William the Conqueror began his reign in England, he called a meeting of some of the chief men of the kingdom, and required them to write down in a large book which he had prepared for them the names of the principal families in the land, with an account of the number of acres which they owned, and the other property which they possessed.

This book was called 'The Domesday-book;' and though written in the middle of the eleventh century, it is still preserved in the Record Office in London.

King William had the book prepared in order that the government might know exactly what the leading people of the country were worth, and how much aid in men and money might be expected from them.

The lesson of which we are now to speak is not to be learned from King William's book. But it may well remind us of another book, which our Father in heaven



THE DOMESDAY BOOK AND ITS CHEST.

has had prepared. In this book are written the names not only of some of the people of the world, but of all of them. And not only is the property which belongs to us written in that book, but the talents committed to us and the opportunities for usefulness afforded us are all entered there.

Yes! and what King William never put in his Domesday-book about the people of England, God writes down in his book about us all. Whatever we do or whatever we neglect to do is entered there. All our good deeds and all our bad deeds, every idle or wicked word that we speak, every thought or feeling or desire in our minds or hearts contrary to the will of God is put down in that book.

And when the day of judgment comes, that great book of God will be brought forth. It will be opened, and we shall be judged according to what is found written there. How well that may be called the Doomsday-book!

There is not one lesson only, but two most important lessons, that we may learn from this book. One is a lesson of carefulness about what is written in that book concerning us every day.

If we could see the angel of God sitting before that book, with pen in hand, ready to write down anything wrong that we may be tempted to do, how careful we should be not to do it! But though we cannot see the angel, he is always there, and every wrong thing we do is sure to be entered in that book. Surely we should learn from this a lesson of carefulness about what we do.

And then, when we think about this book, we should learn a lesson of anxiety about what has already been written in that book concerning us. Who can bear to think of going to meet all the things written there against him? Then what are we to do about this matter? Why we should at once repent of our sins and ask God for Jesus's sake to forgive them.—'Friendly Greetings.'

Conscience,

I was going out on Monday morning to make a few calls, as my custom is, when I was met by Henry Horton.

Now he had been in my church on the previous evening, and he was not the most agreeable person to meet after he had been listening to a sermon. With a very genial manner, he had also a caustic tongue, and if there was a weak point in the sermon he would be sure to spot it.

'I had the pleasure of hearing you last night,' he said, after we had shaken hands, 'and I must say, for a parson preaching on conscience, it was pretty good. You didn't say, like most of your cloth, "My conscience is supreme, and you must regulate your life by it."'

'No,' I answered, 'I did not say it because I did not think it.'

'Exactly,' he said. 'That was a very good piece, too, about the Cardinal following his conscience whilst sitting in the Inquisition torturing his victim, who was obeying his conscience in resisting him. Very good indeed!' he added, smiling, 'though perhaps not quite original.'

'No,' I answered, with a smile, 'it was not quite original.'

'But,' he continued, 'I cannot see why you should deny that the Cardinal was quite as good in the sight of God as the man he was torturing. Both were loyally obeying conscience.'

I laughed, and replied:—'You are about the last man I expected to talk in that fashion. What next?'

'Why, what's the matter?' he said, looking up.

'You are arguing for the very doctrine you condemned just now.'

'Oh, no!'

'Did you not say that we parsons usually affirm "My conscience is supreme, and you must regulate your life by it." And here was the Cardinal setting up his conscience as a rule for the reformer, and trying to force him to obey it. Whatever he was doing, whether right or wrong, the Cardinal was on the side of the tyrants and oppressors and bigots; while the reformer, in defending his right to obey his own conscience, was on the side of truth and freedom.'

'Very nicely put,' continued Mr. Horton with a smile; 'that ought to have been in your sermon. But look here. Let us agree, the Cardinal honestly believed in his religion, and that it was his duty to force the other to accept it. Not to have done it would have been to neglect what he thought was his duty, and, though very painful to him to torture the reformer, yet he did it because he felt it to be right. Will God punish a man for doing what he believes to be right?'

'Very cleverly put,' I replied, smiling in my turn. 'Why, Mr. Horton, you should have been a lawyer! But it won't do.'

'Oh, won't it?' he exclaimed.

'No, it will not; because it confounds all our notions of right and wrong. According to this, a man has only to persuade himself that a thing is right, and then, however wicked it may be, if he does it, God must not punish him for it. Why, in this way you set a man's conscience above the law of God.'

'I don't see it.'

'God requires us not only to learn to think, but to think correctly.'

'True,' was his answer.

'Mistakes are often as seriously punished as faults. If a man steers his ship on a sandbank by mistake, it will be as much wrecked as if he did it on purpose.'

'Well, of course it will, but——'

'But,' I continued, 'if we are to get safely through this world we must find out what is right. There are moral sandbanks as well as physical. If we do not find out where they are, we may be wrecked.'

'Then you affirm,' said Horton, 'that God is justified in sending me to hell if I do wrong when I think I am doing right?'

'No, I said nothing of the kind,' was my reply. 'I only insisted that it is every man's duty to find out what is right, and God will hold him responsible for that.'

'But he must do what conscience commands after all,' he exclaimed.

'Yes, unquestionably,' was my answer. And the man, as a rule, will not go far wrong who does it. And yet happy is the man whose conscience is enlightened by the law of God. For, after all, it is the law of God that is the supreme rule of right and wrong.—J. Scott James, in 'Friendly Greetings.'

Edward VI. and the Three Swords.

King Edward VI. was crowned when he was only nine years old. Among other ceremonies, three swords were presented to him to show that he was ruler over three kingdoms.

The young king looked at them and said: 'There ought to be another one.'

The nobles asked in wonder what His Majesty meant.

'The Bible,' he answered, 'is the sword of the Spirit, and should be preferred before all these others. That in all right ought to govern us who use these, by God's appointment, for the people's safety.'—'Juvenile Magazine.'

The Conscience of Arad Kent.

(By John Boyd Clarke, in 'The Watchman.')

It was only the other day that I heard a young man jeering his friend because the latter's conscience would not allow him to do something which the other wished.

'Conscience! conscience!' exclaimed the fellow, boastfully. 'You must have a dreadfully tender one. Thank goodness! I haven't such a thing in my whole anatomy. My conscience will never trouble me.'

At once I had a great desire to tell the story I am about to relate—the story of a man who believed that his conscience would never trouble him. The narrative lays bare a sad leaf in my own family history, and one which I seldom refer to, but the story may be of value to somebody.

It began with my grandfather. Our family was one of the oldest and most respected in the county. For a hundred years the name of Giddings had stood in Perrytown for probity. The men of the family had retained the respect of their neighbors in their business and private lives as well as in their official careers—for somebody of the name in each generation was sure to hold office.

My grandfather was treasurer of the town, and held office for nearly twenty years. His duties likewise included the collection of the town taxes. Perrytown was, even at that time, a very wealthy community. Although the tax rate was low, the income of the town was very large. Grandfather handled large sums of money every year; but during his term of office there had never been a mistake in his accounts—never until that last year of his incumbency.

There was another old family in Perrytown—one quite as well known and respected as the Giddings. The name of this family was Kent, and, at the time of which I write, the head of the family, Silas Kent, was but recently dead. The leadership of the clan was in question, but Arad Kent, a young man of very assertive nature, had usurped many of the powers of the head of the family. He was Silas's nephew, and had fallen heir to the old man's estate.

The Kents and the Giddings were opposed to each other politically. The Kents believed that there should be a change in the town treasurership—and perhaps they were right, for grandfather was nearly seventy years old. Arad Kent's nature was vindictive, and he carried his political dislike of our family into private life. Besides, my father and he were business rivals; they owned stores on opposite sides of Perrytown's principal thoroughfare.

Grandfather had failed in a very marked manner that year. He had only accepted the treasurership again at the urgent solicitation of the leaders of his party, for he recognized his weakness. But it was what is known in political technicalities as 'a ticklish time,' and his friends could not afford to retire him.

Before the year was out grandfather grew very feeble indeed, but his friends feared to have him resign. With that Kent majority in the board a Kent retainer would be appointed to fill out the term, and then it would be a very easy matter to get a man already tried elected at the spring town-meeting. Grandfather's friends had already picked a man out to take his place when the time came, and they believed that he would be elected if he could be brought before the people; but the Kents would never hear of his being appointed by the Board.

Father always said that had grandmother been alive she would have had influence enough with the old man to have counteracted that of his political 'friends,' but nobody else could move him. So, for weeks he was driven to and from the town-house daily, and watched over by a faithful attendant while he remained at his desk. Several times he had experienced a sudden attack which, for a little while, had quite deprived him of his senses.

It was at this time that the bulk of the town's taxes was paid into the treasury. Grandfather had an assistant clerk, as well as his man, with him most of the time; but one afternoon, while he was busy at his desk, both of these associates were out of the office. Therefore he was alone in the office when a man came in to pay a heavy tax bill. The individual was Arad Kent, and he had brought with him a sum amounting to about $5,300, with which to pay the taxes on his own personal property and the estate of his uncle, which had not, at that time, been entirely settled, but of which he was the administrator.

Arad Kent was in the office about ten minutes, and in going out he met the clerk on the stairs, and, passing the time of day, said:

'The old gentleman seems pretty bright to-day, doesn't he?'

'Yes,' said the clerk, 'I think his health is better than it has been for some weeks.'

But when the young man entered the office he found grandfather collapsed in his chair, totally unconscious. It was such a serious attack that it was several days before the doctor allowed him to attend to his duties again.

A fortnight later, when the tax accounts were balanced, a large shortage was discovered. The matter was kept quiet until the accounts could be thoroughly examined by an expert. The shortage was certainly there—an amount exceding five thousand dollars. The assistant's vouchers were all right, and it was impossible to suspect him; the responsibility fell upon grandfather. The shock quite prostrated him. My father went into the matter thoroughly, examined the entries in grandfather's writing on the tax book, and took the testimony of every witness that could possibly know anything about the matter.

He learned all about the circumstances of the illness grandfather had experienced that day in the office, and his suspicions pointed at once to Arad Kent. The last entry in grandfather's hand for that day was Kent's tax. He had evidently received the money; but what had become of it? To complicate matters, the shortage was not exactly the amount of Kent's tax. It was some two hundred dollars short of that. Kent swore that he left the treasurer, after paying him and getting his receipt, in apparent health. Yet the clerk had found grandfather senseless when he got back to the office. There was nothing to connect Kent with the affair, but father was confident that he was present in the office when grandfather was seized, and had slipped the bulk of his money back into his pocket, along with the receipt, before leaving.

The old man sank rapidly, and in three weeks after the discovery was dead, and his political 'friends' had to suffer defeat at the hands of the Kent faction after all. Meanwhile the story of the shortage in the treasurer's accounts became town talk and was used as a political weapon by the Kents. Grandfather's estate was small, and if the shortage were made up out of it the daughters would be left penniless. Therefore father took the money out of his own business to make the town good, and, business being rather bad at the time, in three months he was forced to the wall. Arad Kent bought him out at a ridiculously low price, and he had to commence the world over again.

Father was a very proud man, and he could not face his neighbors with the disgrace of the failure and the treasury scandal upon him, so he moved to the West. But he was never very successful again. His spirit seemed to have been broken by the unfortunate affair. He died when I was ten years old, and, after my elder brothers went into the cattle business and my sister was married, my mother took me with her and returned to her old home in Perrytown.

I was a well-grown youth of eighteen then, and was ambitious to help support my mother. So, when we were established in our new home, instead of entering school again, I looked about for a mercantile position. I succeeded in getting a clerkship with Mr. Edmonson, who did a private banking and brokerage business. It was not long, however, before I learned that the story of the tax scandal—now thirty years old—was not dead.

Some officious busybody came to my employer (Mr. Edmonson had not lived in the town when the affair happened), and warned him that his new clerk, Harry Giddings, was the grandson of old Uriah Giddings, who had robbed the town treasury thirty years before, and that his father, Robert Giddings, had failed in business and cheated his creditors out of a large sum, and—well, the old story, 'like father, like son.' It was a cruel story—a mixture of fable and fact that might have influenced a less just man than Mr. Edmonson.

This serpent-tongued gossip was one of the bank's best customers, and he hinted that he should feel safer if I were out of the bank. Mr. Edmonson's answer was to fill out his check for the full amount of the man's account with the firm, press it into his reluctant hand, and bow him politely out. Nobody else, after that, considered it best to advise Mr. Edmonson regarding his employees.

One of Mr. Edmonson's heaviest customers was the same Arad Kent whom my father had suspected of dishonesty. While we had gone down in the world, Arad Kent had risen to prominence. But he was now in poor health, and, at scarcely sixty years of age, could at best look forward to but a few more years of life. He invested much of his income through our firm, and it was often my duty to wait upon him at his home, as he seldom left the house.

Seemingly, Arad Kent was a very fortunate man despite his ill-health; but I soon discovered that he was one of the unhappiest human beings I had ever seen. He looked like a man of eighty, and the luxury and ease with which he was surrounded seemed to add nothing to his contentment. Oddly enough, as soon as he discovered who I was, he seemed to take a decided fancy to me. I often thought he sent to the bank for me to call upon him on mere pretext; but he was so good a customer that Mr. Edmonson always humored him.

One day when I called upon the rich man for a considerable sum of money which he was about to place in our hands, he noticed that I refrained from passing him Mr. Edmonson's receipt until I had carefully counted the money, which was in specie and notes.

'I see you are cautious, Giddings,' he

said, looking at me sharply from under his gray brows.

'Yes, sir,' I said, simply. 'I am responsible for every cent of this, Mr. Kent, and I cannot afford to make mistakes.'

'That is wise, very wise,' he said, in his sharp, jerky voice. 'All young fellows are not as careful, I notice.'

'I have to be,' I returned, without looking at him. 'I am differently situated from other young clerks, probably.'

'How so ?' he demanded, quickly.

'They do not labor under the suspicion of the community. I do.'

'Eh ? eh ?' he exclaimed. 'What do you mean ?'

'You probably know the old story, sir ?' I said, flushing. 'People have not forgotten the shortage in my grandfather's accounts while he was town treasurer, nor my father's unfortunate failure. And they don't allow me to forget it, either.'

'What !' he exclaimed again, his wrinkled face reddening with anger. 'Isn't that old lie dead yet ?'

'No, sir.'

He said no more, and I left him apparently sunk in deep thought when I went out. I believe it was on my next visit to him that he referred to the matter.

'So these tattling rascals bring your grandfather's misfortune up against you, do they ?' he said.

'Some of them do,' I replied, shortly. Naturally I did not care to discuss the matter—especially with him.

'Fools ! fools !' he muttered. 'He was as honest as the day. I never believed him guilty.'

'Nor did anybody else, I believe, who knew the facts of the case,' I said.

'Eh ? Well, I suppose not,' he remarked with a sharp look at me. 'The old man never had that sin on his conscience.' Suddenly he straightened up in his arm chair, and shook his long finger at me. 'Young man,' he said, 'do you know the thing that can bring the most misery to a man in this world—do you know what it is ?'

He asked the question with so much emphasis that I looked at him in startled surprise.

'I will tell you,' he went on, harshly, the gray brows still drawn down over his eyes. 'It is to do something of which your conscience continually accuses you ! Conscience will drive a man mad. It will drive him to old age before his time. It will even drive him,' and he whispered the word in awe, "to suicide !"'

That was the last time I ever spoke to the old gentleman. His health grew rapidly worse, and for some weeks he did no business with our firm. Meanwhile a strange thing had happened in the town. The treasurer of the tax funds reported that he had been waited upon by an attorney from a distant city, who had paid over to him a sum exceeding ten thousand dollars, being the principal and interest of a shortage which had occurred in the taxes thirty years before. The attorney stated that his unknown client had been in a position to abstract from the treasury a large sum without being discovered, and the then acting treasurer had been held responsible for the loss. This ten thousand was now paid back into the town coffers, as 'conscience money.'

There had been but one shortage in the tax account, and so this must refer to that during my grandfather's regime. The strange affair created a vast amount of talk but nobody then alive could even guess who the conscience-stricken person was. If mother and I had any suspicions we did not even discuss them together. It is an awful thing, as we both knew well, to cast suspicion upon anybody.

In the midst of the ecitement regarding the occurrence, old Mr. Kent died. And when I saw him in his coffin I knew by the strange calmness upon his face that at last he and his conscience were at peace. As the town had never lost anything by the shortage, the money thus strangely acquired was paid over to my family, as we were the only legal heirs. The old scandal was, therefore, throttled, and we were never shunned or snubbed by our neighbors again. My share of that conscience money was the basis of a considerable competence gained in trade; but I consider that old Arad Kent's declaration regarding the whiplash of conscience has been of far more value to me than the money.

A Trying Moment.

Robin Grey was hurrying home from the big smoky town, where he worked hard in the engineering works. He turned up his collar and stepped out briskly, for the evening air was damp and chilly, and the thought of the cheery fireside and the comfortable meal and warm welcome waiting for him gave wings to his feet.

Every Saturday night found him crossing the bleak moor by a short cut, which saved him some miles. This was the first evening it had been really dark, and he had just remembered that he must walk

warily, for he was off the beaten track, and, partly hidden by low bushes, were some old pits and workings where he might get a nasty fall. This thought made him nervous, and he began to wish he had kept to the highroad, which would probably have been quicker for him in the end. It was no good to turn back, for he was right in the midst of the dangerous bit. No; he must walk on and look out as sharply as he might. The moon shone out brightly, making dark shadows on the broken ground. These deceived him, and thinking he was only on the edge of a black shadow, Robin, to his horror, found he had stepped over a sharp edge, and only saved himself from falling by his agonized clutch at a bush. This was pretty stout and the branch supported him, but how long would it bear the strain of his weight ? It was an awful moment when he realized that his life hung on that frail branch—would it break and let him fall down, down into the long unused pit, where he would never be found, and would either break his neck in the fall, or die a horrible, slow, lingering death ? He felt about cautiously with his feet, and found that he could take a little of his weight off by just catching a bit of projecting stone with one foot; that gave him a ray of hope and eased the tension, which was becoming very painful. Soon he ventured to shout for help, but, alas ! there was no answer, and the poor lad's head began to reel and turn dizzy; should he be obliged to let everything go and fall back into that awful chasm ? Visions of home and the dear ones waiting for him now came to him, and he could even think of how they would miss him, and begin the search and perhaps find his dead body, when—oh ! was not that a step, a whistle ? and Rob began to shout again with all his might, regardless of the swaying of the branch to which he clung.

'What cheer, mate ?' cried out a kindly voice. 'Hold hard, we're coming! Where are you ?' And, guided by Robin's cries, a man soon leaned over the pit and called out, 'Drop, lad, drop, you're close to the bottom ! Let go, and stand on your feet, then you can scramble out again !'

And he was quite right; Robin had fallen into a shallow pit, and he was hanging within two or three feet of firm ground, only he did not know it, and might have been spared all the agonies he had gone through in the last half hour.

Why do I tell you this story, for very little seems to come of it ? For the same reason for which it was told to me. Before I had taken the pledge and was only thinking about it, I was very much afraid that I should grow pale and thin and lose all my strength, and not be able to do my work well, and then a friend told me about Robin Grey, and said the people who were so dreadfully afraid about being weak and ill, or being peculiar and getting laughed at, and thought they were giving up so very much, were, like him, hanging in an agony over a precipice of—two or three feet ! and if they would only let go and take the fatal plunge, they would find themselves quite safe and comfortable, and that it had been ridiculously easy after all. And that is just what I found, and what, thank God, thousands of people are continually finding. The little bit of selfdenial is easier every day, you neither feel weak nor ill, and soon wonder why you ever thought you would; and as to people laughing—why, let them laugh who win ! and which is likely to win most in the long run, the teetotaller or the drinker, even if he be the 'moderate' one ? I think we, who belong to the Band of Hope, can answer that question.—'The Observer.'

Letter Writing.

Have you any unkind thoughts ?
  Do not write them down.
Write no word that giveth pain:
Written words may long remain.
Have you heard some idle tale ?
  Do not write it down.
Gossips may repeat it o'er,
Adding to its bitter store.
Have you any careless jest ?
Bury it, and let it rest:
It may wound some loving breast.
Words of love and tenderness,
Words of truth and kindliness,
Words of comfort for the sad,
Words of gladness for the glad,
Words of counsel for the bad—
  Wisely write them down.
Words though small are mighty things;
  Pause before you write them.
Little words may grow and bloom
With bitter breath or sweet perfume—
  Pray before you write them.

—'Wellspring.'

Helping Father Save

(By Leander S. Keyser, in 'Forward.')

'He's becoming close-fisted—father is,' declared Herbert Simpson, a frown creasing his forehead.

'Yes, he's as stingy as a miser,' answered Clara.

'I wanted a new gun and a hunting-suit the worst kind, but he said, "No, I can't afford to get any luxuries for you this winter."'

'And I wanted that lovely album I saw at Walker's. It's just the sweetest album that ever was. Father might get us more things if he only would. He gets a good salary.'

'Oh! he wants to keep up his bank account,' scoffed Fred.

It was evening, and the three children who were carrying on the foregoing conversation were sitting in the library. A more discontented trio it would have been difficult to find, and most of their complaints were directed at their father.

Meanwhile Mr. Simpson had gone to his study, and was sitting at his writing-desk with his cheque-book before him. His brow was creased, too, and it was obvious that he was troubled.

'How much it costs to live! Only a little over half of the month gone, and yet there are but twenty-five dollars left of the month's salary! I must either have a larger salary or cut down expenses. And the worst of it all is that my family, instead of helping me to save, regard me as tight-fisted and ungenerous,' and here he drew a long and troubled sigh. 'They seem to think that I need simply to go to the bank and draw out an unlimited amount of money.'

He was so worried that he could not sleep until long after midnight, and there were furrows of anxiety on his brow the next morning as the family sat down to breakfast. The subject of money had marred the pleasure of more than one meal in the household within the last few months. This breakfast was not to be an exception.

'Father, can't I have that gun and hunting-suit?' ventured Herbert.

'And I want that lovely album,' broke in Clara.

'Oh, pshaw! Who cares for such things as albums an' guns? I want a new sled for coasting!' cried Fred.

As these renewed requests came pouring in Mr. Simpson's face darkened, and he almost lost his temper.

'Children, I told you last evening that I couldn't buy any luxuries just now, and I want no more coaxing.'

The children relapsed into silence, not daring to answer back, and pouted over their oatmeal. It was anything but a cheerful breakfast, and Mr. Simpson was in anything but a pleasant mood as he hurried down to his office.

In the evening at the supper table Herbert, however, had a proposal to make.

'Father, I believe I'll leave school at the end of this term,' he said. 'I'd like to go to work and earn a little money.'

Mr. Simpson looked thoughtfully out of the window for a few moments, as if revolving some plan in his mind. 'You would like to earn your own way, would you?' he said, finally. 'Let me see, you are now sixteen. Well, many a boy of your age has been compelled to paddle his own canoe because he had no home and no parents to depend on. I've just thought of a project, and we'll see how you will like it.'

Herbert listened intently.

'Although I should much prefer to have you go to school,' Mr. Simpson went on, 'yet if you want to go to work I will make you this proposal; I will furnish you your board and lodging free, but you must buy your own clothing and any extras that you may wish to get. Board and lodging, you see, would be worth about four dollars or four and a half a week.'

Herbert looked at his father quizzically to see if he was in earnest. Seeing that he was, he said:—

'All right, father. I'll begin to look for work next Monday.'

For nearly a week accordingly Herbert sought for work, almost wearing out a pair of shoes trudging about over the city.

'A man offered me a dollar a week,' he said scornfully, one day at the dinner table. 'It's terribly hard to find the kind of work I can do.'

'Don't get discouraged,' said his father, cheerfully. Perhaps he was glad to have his son learn something of the real difficulties of life.

At length Herbert found a position in a store at three dollars a week. Early in the morning he had to hurry to his work, and it was often ten o'clock at night before he reached home, sometimes so weary that he could scarcely drag himself up to his bed. Mr. Simpson watched his son's course with interest.

'I need a new pair of shoes, father,' Herbert said at the close of the first week. 'I've worn out my old pair tramping around town.'

'I thought, my son, that our bargain was for you to furnish your own clothing from your wages,' said Mr. Simpson.

'Oh, yes, I forgot;' and Herbert's face was bent thoughtfully over his plate.

The pair of shoes cost three dollars. As Herbert handed the money over to the clerk, his thoughts ran thus:—

'There goes every cent of my week's wages—for a pair of shoes, too! I'd like to know how long it will take to save enough to buy my gun at this rate!'

After he had worked four weeks more he found that he needed a new suit for Sunday, his old one being too much worn and soiled by necessary every-day use. He found that a new suit would cost sixteen dollars, and even then he felt that it had a cheap look. But he had only twelve dollars, and so he had to go to church and Sunday-school in the soiled suit for two more Sundays. It was humiliating, but he set his teeth and swallowed the lump in his throat. He was learning his first lessons in the fine art of economy.

'There go all my wages to date,' he remarked with a somewhat bitter laugh, as he paid over the sixteen dollars for the suit. 'My! how much it costs for clothes! Not a cent saved yet for my gun and hunter's suit.'

He was now receiving four dollars per week. The next week's wages went for a hat, a shirt, and collars and cuffs.

'How one must watch the pennies! I can't even get me a tie, or a shirt-stud, or pair of cuff-buttons until I've earned more money. No wonder father used to watch his bank account so closely!'

In this way the spring and summer passed. One evening, on Herbert's return from a day of intense drudgery, Clara sidled up to him and said:

'You're earnings lots of money now, aren't you, Herbert?'

'Yes, indeed,' he replied, laughing ruefully. 'I've found a gold mine. I'll soon be a millionnaire.'

'Well, then,' coaxed the selfish girl, 'I think you might buy me that album—it's so lovely—and a piece of bric-a-brac I saw in the store to-day.'

'How much would they cost?'

'The album, only five dollars; the bric-a-brac, three—eight dollars in all.'

'Only eight dollars!' repeated Herbert, with lofty scorn. 'I should have to work for two weeks, almost day and night like a slave, to earn that sum. No no, my elegant Lady Clara, I can't afford to get such luxuries.'

'You're becoming as close-fisted as father is,' pouted Clara. 'I think you're real mean, so you are!'

Without replying, Herbert rose and stalked thoughtfully up to bed. The reference to his father's 'close-fistedness' made him meditative.

'It was selfish of Clara to ask it of me,' he muttered. 'She might know by this time how hard it is to get money, even for necessary things, to say nothing of luxuries. But then, that's the way I used to think about father. Poor father! How he must have worried over these money matters!'

Still, the desire for a gun and a hunter's suit still lingered with the boy until the first of September. Having succeeded in laying aside a few dollars of his hard-earned wages, he went to a gun store to price the articles he desired so much.

'A good gun would cost you twenty dollars; a suit at least ten.'

Herbert looked at the man in dismay. Why, he should have to work seven and a half weeks to earn the required sum! Besides, he needed a cheap suit for every-day wear, and in a few weeks he would need an overcoat. He turned away without making the purchase.

'I can't spend my hard-earned wages for such luxuries,' he thought as he stepped out of the door; 'and a gun and a hunter's suit for luxuries. See how much it costs for clothes for only one person, and father has five persons not only to clothe, but also to support in every way. I don't see how he manages it! Poor father!' he added; 'I feel ashamed of myself for the way I have misunderstood him.'

In the meantime Mr. Simpson was watching his son's struggles with deep interest and sympathy.

'Poor boy!' he said to himself. 'How he works and economizes! I think he has learned his lesson by this time, and I must help him.'

So one evening he said to his son:

'Well, Herbert, I would like very much to have you go back to school this fall. You ought to be better fitted for life than you are, I think. What is your own opinion?'

'But I can't earn my clothing if I go to school,' protested Herbert.

'I will see to that, Herbert, if you really want an education.'

'Indeed I do—more than anything else, father,' declared the boy, tears gleaming in his eyes. 'Then give up your place at the store and start to school next week. Has your summer's experience been of any value to you?'

'Ever so much,' replied Herbert, frankly. 'I know now what money is worth, and I'm going to help you to save.'

'Thank you, my boy. We shall avoid being niggardly, for that would be as sinful an extreme as extravagance; but if we all agree to economize as much as possible it will help me more than I can tell.'

After that Herbert and his father were real 'mutual friends;' they were 'chums.'

The next day Herbert called Clara and Fred to his room, and delivered to them 'a little off-hand speech' as he called it.

'I've learned some things this summer,' he said, smiling pleasantly. 'One is, that it's hard to earn money; another is, that it costs a great deal simply to live and get only the things that one must have. And so, folks, from this on I'm going to help father to save. You and I ought to take just as much interest in his bank account as he does.'

And so the Simpson children have stopped grumbling, and are helping their father instead of worrying him. And perhaps no part of Herbert's education will be more useful to him than the lesson he gained out of school that year.

The Adventure of Harry Remley.

A TRUE STORY.

(By Sara V. Du Bois, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

When Harry was ten years of age he was left an orphan and to the tender mercies of the world. There were no kind relatives to intercede on his behalf, no income left whereby he might be educated. His parents had been poor, but industrious, and had left him nothing but the benefit of a good name, which is worth more than most of us are apt to suppose.

It was a sad day for the young lad when after returning from the funeral of his mother, he saw the shutters closed and the bolt slid in the door which had sheltered him all his brief life. He wept; it was only natural that he should weep, and there were those looking on who also shed tears of sympathy; for there, as everywhere in God's great world, were sympathetic hearts abounding in love. But there was one who did more than sympathize; he went to the lad and said, 'If you will help me do my chores, boy, I will give you a home and allow you the freedom of attending the public school.' The boy checked his tears. 'How good you are, Mr. Brown,' he said. Oh, it was true, after all, just as his mother had said, that God would provide for his need.

For five years he remained in Mr. Brown's home doing his work with a faithfulness that never once wavered. Those who had thought the workhouse was in store for the boy in those first days after his mother's death began to think that after all Mr. Brown had the best of the bargain, and some even wished they had offered him a home. At fifteen he graduated from the township high school, the head of his class, and as promising a young lad as could be found in the community.

'Now, Harry, my boy,' said Mr. Brown, 'I feel in justice to yourself I cannot keep you with me any longer. I cannot afford to give you a higher education, but there is a school in which you can learn much which will benefit you in after life if rightly utilized, and that school is the world. I have heard of a clerkship which is offered in the town of P——, and you have my permission to apply for it.'

Harry's heart throbbed with joy. He had learned to love Mr. Brown as a father, but he wanted to step out into the great world and try his powers. So, with a letter from his pastor, who chanced to be a friend of the merchant's, he sought the town of P——, and presented his plea: There were many applicants for the position, as was natural in these days of what some are pleased to term 'over production'; but the merchant was pleased with Harry's countenance, even more than with the letter of recommendation. It showed an honest record and a manly desire to put forth one's best effort.

So the boy was installed into the vacant place and proved so trustworthy that his employer blessed the day when he had taken him in.

Then there came the adventure into the hitherto quiet life of Harry Remley. He slept on a cot in an off room from the store, and one night was aroused by finding two masked men bending over him. Of course he was powerless and as they were in the act of gagging him he made no resistance. But the resistance came later when leading him to a safe whose combination he knew so well, they demanded him to reveal the secret to them. Even when they threatened his life he refused to tell, for he reasoned to himself, 'What would life be worth without honor?' When they found their efforts frustrated in this direction, the men, who were evidently experts along this line, went to work on their own account, and shortly effected an entrance to the safe, getting as their booty, two thousand dollars in cash and some valuable documents. These they secured in a small ironclad box which had the appearance of containing tools. Then they made their escape and it was not until next morning that poor Harry was discovered bound and gagged, with a countenance blanched with fear. The excitement which this robbery produced was great, the more so that the residence of a wealthy citizen had been entered the same night and much of value taken. There were those who tried to claim that Harry knew more about the affair than he was disposed to tell. His employer, however, never doubted his integrity, and being told by Harry that the robbers twice in the course of their muttered conversation while at work on the safe, had mentioned the State of Maine, he sent detectives there through various sections, but to no avail.

One day Harry said, 'Sir, it is asking a great favor, but would you allow me to go myself.' As the boy's health was really shattered and he needed rest, the kind gentleman said, 'Yes, Harry, you may go for a period of time at my expense.' In the meantime $500 reward had been offered for the missing money, and while Harry had no promptings in this direction, still the boy had a firm belief in his heart that his trip would not be in vain.

And so, up in Maine, at the Spring Rock Hotel, he was located, and just as hope was well nigh dead, a singular incident happened, something which we are apt to speak of as an accident, but which is rather the ruling of Providence. Harry, who had been much benefited in health by his outing, was fishing at a certain point, and thinking seriously of returning home on the morrow to his work, when he thought he saw lying beneath the shallow water a substance which was not unfamiliar. He secured assistance from the hotel, and the object was rescued, which proved to be nothing less than the box which he had last seen in the hands of the robbers.

It was with joyful heart that he returned it later unopened to the gentleman whose esteem he had so rightfully earned, and when it was opened, there safely reposed not only the stolen money and documents, but also valuable jewels and gold taken on the same night from the wealthy citizen. These Harry's employer allowed him to return himself and he not only received hearty expressions of thanks, but a beautiful gold watch, with his own initials engraved thereon. The reward money offered was placed in the bank to his credit, and he took up his old position valued and trusted as never before. It was never known how the box came to be lying in Maine waters, nor what became of the men who so justly deserved punishment, but the general opinion prevailed that to escape detection these evil disposed men, whose plans must have been frustrated, had cast away that which contained so much of value. Certainly in God's own good time their punishment was meted out.

Harry's adventure was not of a desirable nature, but certainly we cannot help but admire the boy whose integrity was such that he could face death rather than dishonor his own name or bring loss to his employers' property.

Jacob's Change.

Several boys were playing at marbles. The game had gone on very pleasantly for a little time, until one of the boys, named Jacob Jackson, became vexed about something that did not exactly suit him, and used some very bad language.

'I shan't stay here if you swear,' said Frank Harlow; 'for father says it is very wicked, and that God will punish people that take his name in vain.'

'Well, my father don't believe there is any God,' replied Jacob; 'and he knows as much as your father does. So I shall swear as much as I please. I am not afraid.'

'Isn't any God!' exclaimed Frank. 'Then, why don't you swear by the sun, or something else?'

'Why, I don't know,' stammered Jacob; 'I swear just as other folks do.'

'Well, it seems to me it is very foolish to swear by something that you don't believe has any existence.'

'So it does, I declare,' said Jacob. 'I never thought of it before. I don't believe now but father does believe there is a God, or else he wouldn't use his name so much as he does. I mean to ask him when I go home.'

Jacob was usually a very good natured boy, and his playmates would have liked him very much if he had not sometimes used bad language. Frank Harlow was a particular favorite of his, and he would have been a favorite of Frank's if he had not had this one sinful habit. Frank had been religiously instructed, and he could not endure to hear such wicked words. But his question awoke some new thoughts in Jacob's mind, and all the way home he kept wondering why he had never thought of it before—that, if there really is no God, it was foolish enough to use the name when he was vexed or more than usually in earnest. And, if there is a God, oh, how bad he dared to call upon him as he did for angry curses.

Before he reached home he made up his mind to stop such a foolish and wicked practice, and try and be worthy of the friendship of such a good boy as he knew Frank Harlow to be. I do not know what the result of his talk with his father was. But from that day to this, Jacob has used no profane language.

If my companions grow profane,
I'll leave their friendship when I hear
Young sinners take Thy name in vain,
And learn to curse and learn to swear.
—'Presbyterian Witness.'

No real child of God wants to go to heaven alone.—'Ram's Horn.'

A Little Truant.

'Come, Dolly, the bell has rung for school. Make haste and be off!'

It was father who called, but there was no response.

'Dolly, Dolly! where are you?'

Just then Mrs. Sowter came in at the door, wiping her hands, which were wet with soap-suds.

'Why, Dolly's been gone an hour or more,' she said; and father took up his bag of tools and set out for Reuben Smith's farm across the fields. Meanwhile Dolly was

slowly wending her way towards the wood where the wild roses grew in such abundance. Dolly was very fond of flowers, and thought in her own little mind that the day was far too warm to be spent with old Mr. Birch and his tiresome lesson-books in the close schoolhouse.

Naughty Dolly! Those little feet of yours will be very weary, and it will be much hotter in the sunny fields ere you return. But the little girl went on until she reached the shady wood, and here she sat down to rest a while.

Presently a woman passed by carrying a heavy bundle.

'Why, what has brought little missie this way such a fine morning?' she said, with a kindly smile.

'I'se come to gather roses for mother,' said Dolly, 'and I'se hot.'

'Bless me, you're a little 'un to stray so far!' and she went her way thinking she had little time to trouble about other folks' children who had so many of her own.

Then Dolly got up, and set to work to fill her apron with the pink and white roses which twined so lovingly over the hedges. Such a big bunch she gathered! And when her hands were quite full, and her little face was burning hot with the warmth of the summer sun, she turned her face homewards.

Oh! what a long way it seemed over the hard brown fields! Slower and slower grew the tiny feet and hotter and hotter grew the sun, until at last the little girl saw a pool of water close by, and she turned aside to bathe her face and hands in the cool depths. Alas! the stones were loose at the pool's edge, and Dolly's feet were soon slipping, slipping into the water.

Suddenly with a cry she saw her beautiful bunch of roses fall from her hands and float away far out of reach! Then Dolly shed tears, great big tears, and she longed to be at home once more in mother's arms in the shady parlor, for she was afraid she would be drowned.

At that moment she heard a man's voice calling her by name, and presently her father's arms were round her and she was carried safely back to dry land.

'There, little 'un, you are safe now, but I might have been too late, I might indeed!' and the big man wiped his face and eyes at the same time.

'Oh, daddy, I'se glad you'se come!' said Dolly, as her father placed her tenderly on a large stone at his feet.

'What have you been doing, lassie, by yourself? Widow Evans told me she had seen a little 'un down yonder.'

'I'se tired of school, daddy, and mother's fond of roses, an' now I'se lost 'em!' and the tears fell afresh.

'Bide ye there, little 'un, and I'll get them back!' and he soon returned with Dolly's flowers, none the worse for the wetting.

Dolly has never played truant again, and mother has promised her that she will have a rose-bush of her own 'some fine day,' and when mother says that Dolly always knows it will come true.—'Advertiser.'

Little Boy Blue.

(By Belle V. Chisholm, in 'The Sunday-School Times.')

At first it was only a pet name to humor a whim of a sick baby, who insisted, 'I'm Little Boy Blue,' having caught the sweet sounding name from the pretty child story of the original 'Little Boy Blue.'

'We'll drop it when he gets well,' said mamma; but when at last Little Boy Blue was returned to life with his sightless eyes and dull hearing, nobody thought of depriving him of the name he loved, and no effort was made to teach his deaf ears his own name—Louis Bertram Bently.

Oddly enough, the initials were the same, and sometimes in sport, the children would call him 'L. B. B.,' and ask him to guess what they meant. His answer was always, 'Little Boy Blue,' the song he loved.

When he was eight years old, he was taken to a hospital for an operation on his eyes. The children cried at parting, certain that he would never, never come back again.

But Little Boy Blue did not go on an endless journey, for a fortnight later, when the air was fragrant with the roses of June, he came back, his eyes and ears wide open, to the fairer scenes awaiting him.

There was a rush of children's feet along the wide old hall, and a chorus of young voices: 'Little Boy Blue! Little Boy Blue! Guess, guess! Which is which? Which is Mollie, and Phil, and Dick and Meg ? Guess, Little Boy Blue, guess which is which!' And then, as the doctor removed the bandage from the new-made eyes, the quartette repeated the challenge in a loud whisper.

Papa and mamma and Baby Ted had been at the hospital to bring Little Boy Blue home, hence with a spring he was by Dick's side quick enough to catch his lingering 'Which ?' and, naming him 'Dick,' he shut his eyes, and, as of old, read 'Meg,' 'Mollie,' and 'Phil,' by running his fingers over their features and hair.

'The old see-ers seem to be the trustiest friends yet,' remarked the doctor. 'Can you see better with your fingers than with the brand-new peepers I manufactured out of the old eyes, my boy?'

'I am better acquainted with them,' the little fellow returned. 'I guess I'll get used to the new eyes after I wear them a while.'

'Let us go out and train them a little,' said Mamma, leading the way to the flower garden.

Little Boy Blue was wild with delight, and danced up and down the walk, stooping over the lowly flowers to inhale their fragrance, or standing on tiptoe to draw down those beyond his reach, naming them from their odor.

What a revelation that first glimpse of the beautiful outside world was to the seeing eyes! The bright color of the flowers, the green trees waving in the grove, and the blue sky overhead, through which the great, shining ball of fire seemed to be moving, vied with each other in their appeal for first place in the child's beauty-loving vision.

There was scarcely a flower in the garden which Little Boy Blue could not name by running his fingers over its surface, but he had never dreamed of such beauty as his newly-opened eyes beheld, and that first glad summer day of light was all too short to satisfy his heart hunger after the beautiful world upon which his eyes had been so suddenly opened.

Tired out with the pleasure of using his seeing eyes, Little Boy Blue fell asleep hours before sunset. It was dark, and the lamps were lighted in the house, when he awoke, rested and refreshed. Springing up, he ran to the door. But, when he looked into the darkness, he said, a little peevishly :

'O mamma! Why did you not wake me, so I could have one more look at the flowers before dark?'

'There are other flowers in the sky that can be seen only in the darkness,' explained mamma. 'Come, we will go out where we can have a good view of the star flowers.'

Leading the way to the upper verandah, his mother pointed out the different stars, telling him stories about the great, shining host, until he became as deeply interested in the sky flowers as in those of earth.

'It is the beautifulest, beautifulest world!' exclaimed Little Boy Blue, the gladness in his heart shining through his once closed eyes. 'Oh, dear, how lovely ! Dickie, Meg, do come and see a whole skyful of stars ! And they are made into the prettiest bouquets!'

'Pshaw! I've seen them many a time,' returned Dick in a careless way. 'But there are no bouquets in the sky. The stars are arranged into bears and lions and fishes; there is a big long-handled dipper, and lots of queer things, but stars are not the least bit like flowers, and could not be tied up in a bunch like a bouquet. They are made for more than to be looked at.'

'What good do they do, then?' asked Little Boy Blue, soberly. 'What are they made for, Dick?'

'Oh, just to give us light, I guess,' Dick answered carelessly.

Little Boy Blue looked puzzled, but, after another glance at the starry sky, he clapped his hands delightedly, saying:

'I know! oh! I know now, Dick! The stars are God's eyes, Don't you 'member the verse mamma gave us one day, about God's eyes being in every place, so he could see all we do?'

'Yes,' admitted Dick, '"God's eyes are everywhere, beholding the evil and the good," — that's the verse you mean.'

'And the stars are everywhere, too, they are God's eyes, and that is why they shine so brightly,' insisted Little Boy Blue. 'No wonder God sees all we do.'

Later when the little boy was tucked up snugly in his pretty white bed, he begged his mother to raise the window blind, so he could look out and up to the stars,—the tiny eyes that seemed to be watching over him.

'Don't lie awake all night to watch the stars. They will come back every evening as long as you live,' urged Dick. 'I want you to get up real early, so we shall not be late to the picnic.'

'All right,' answered Little Boy Blue, 'I'll be up to see the sun rise, and the morning glories before they close up for the day.'

'But when he awoke in the morning the rain was beating against the window-panes. Hurrying into his clothes, he ran downstairs, where a quartette of gloomy faces made the dining-rom as depressing as the leaden sky outside.

'Aren't the rain-drops lovely?' he cried, his cheery face emphasizing his words. 'Just listen, mamma, to the music of the rain on the roof! Oh, dear! How glad I am to see and hear, and to be Little Boy Blue !'

Mamma was glad, too—glad not only that her little boy's sight and hearing had been given back to him, but glad because he was glad; and the two sunshiny faces soon brightened up the old dull room, and brought smiles to the frowning faces grieving over such a small disappointment as a delayed picnic.

How it is Done.

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

—Waif.

As many men, so many minds. 'World Wide' reflects the thought of both Hemispheres.

LESSON XII.—MARCH 24.

Jesus Crucified and Buried.

Luke xxiii., 35-53. Memory verses, 46, 47. Read Matthew xxvii., 31-66; Mark xv., 21-47; John xix., 16-42.

Golden Text.

'Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures.'—I. Cor. xv., 3.

The Bible Lesson.

44. And it was about the sixth hour, and there was a darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour.

45. And the sun was darkened, and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst.

46. And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit: and having said thus, he gave up the ghost.

47. Now when the centurion saw what was done, he glorified God, saying, Certainly this was a righteous man.

48. And all the people that came together to that sight, beholding the things which were done, smote their breasts, and returned.

49. And all his acquaintance, and the women that followed him from Galilee, stood afar off, beholding these things.

50. And, behold, there was a man named Joseph, a counsellor; and he was a good man, and a just:

51. (The same had not consented to the counsel and deed of them;) he was of Arimathea, a city of the Jews: who also himself waited for the kingdom of God.

52. This man went unto Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus.

53. And he took it down, and wrapped it in linen, and laid it in a sepulchre that was hewn in stone, wherein never man before was laid.

Lesson Hymn.

O come and mourn with me awhile:
O come ye to the Saviour's side:
O come, together let us mourn,—
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and foes deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;—
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Seven words He spoke, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Oh break, Oh break, hard heart of mine!
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and His Judas were:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Come, let us stand beneath His cross;
The fountain in His side
Shall purge our deepest sins away:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

A broken heart, a fount of tears,—
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's offering is:
Jesus our Lord, is crucified.

O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love;
For He, our Lord, is crucified.
—F. W. Faber.

Suggestions.

'The great central event in all history is the death of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. The centuries circle round the cross.' The old, old story is ever new in interest to sin-burdened hearts, and is ever vital in power to turn hearts to the Saviour who on the cruel cross of Calvary gave his own sinless life as an atonement for the sins of the whole world. Whoever accepts the free pardon of God through faith in Christ Jesus may have his sins washed away and his soul kept cleansed by the precious blood which was shed on Calvary. Whoever will not accept Christ as his Saviour, must carry his own constantly increasing burden of sin, not only in this world but on through the ages after death. Through all the centuries of our world there has never been any man who has not sinned, except the man Christ Jesus, but he tasted death for every man, and there never has been and never will be a soul too sinful for him to save. Neither has there ever been or ever will be a human soul that does not need a Saviour.

Our lesson to-day covers the greatest and most important fact in all the history of the Universe. The ground is holy, let us draw nigh with reverent heart and simple faith, with an earnest prayer that we may understand the meaning of Calvary as never before.

After Pilate had yielded to the voice of the people and the priests, they led Jesus away to be crucified. Crucifixion was the most brutal and shameful form of punishment and death then in use. The criminals were compelled to carry the crosses on which they were to be nailed. Our Lord, though strong in spirit, had lost all physical strength through the strain of the previous night. He had been mocked at, buffeted, spit upon and beaten with the cruel scourge, now as they laid the heavy wooden cross on his shoulders, it was more than his poor worn frame could bear. No one volunteered to carry it for him, no one could have been paid to do it, but the soldiers seized upon Simon, a native of Cyrene in Africa, and forced him to bear the cross of Jesus, as they went on to Calvary.

It was nine o'clock in the morning when Jesus was laid on the cross and the cruel nails were driven into his hands and feet. The suffering and agony were intense, but Jesus spoke no word of complaint or pain; in the midst of his bodily distress, his heart was full of love and pity for those whose hearts were full of murder. 'Father,' he cried, 'Forgive them, for they know not what they do.' But the people standing gazing at the cross were neither moved by his sufferings nor by his loving forgiveness, they mocked and derided him, saying that he had saved others, but could not save himself nor come down from the cross. He could have come down from the cross at that moment, and the people would have believed in him as a wonderful miracle-worker and king, but he could never have been our Saviour, if he had done so, for he would not have paid the penalty of our sin—death. Through his death we have life.

The title of the Crucified One—'This is Jesus the King of the Jews'—was written over his cross in the three languages that all who passed might read. 'Aramaic, Greek, Latin—the language of the people, the language of the cultured, the language of the miltary—that Passion Week Jesus had heard them all. He had heard the hosannas of the Jewish rabble; he had received the mission of the cultured Greeks; he had listened to the voice of the Roman soldiers. . . . In the coming age his gospel would influence all three—the men who toil, the men who study, the men who fight; it would support the first, it would illuminate the second, it would soften the third. This has been the actual course of Christianity. It has secured the rights of the masses; it has trimmed the lamp of the student; it has mitigated the horrors of war.'—From 'Studies of the Portrait of Christ,' by Geo. Matheson, D.D.

Within a few feet of the cross of Christ sat the Roman soldiers gambling over his clothing. The gambler may turn his back on the cross but he can never get away from the pitying eye of the Saviour. Our Lord was crucified between two thieves. As the crowds gazed at the three crosses their attention and derision was all centred on Jesus. Then one of the thieves took up the mocking cry, bidding Jesus save himself and them from the cross. But the other thief rebuked the mocker, and turning to Jesus with exquisite penitence and faith, said, 'Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.' The disciples had almost given up the hope of any kingdom, they supposed that the death of Jesus would be the death blow to all their schemes for bettering the world, the Kingdom of Heaven was still to them an almost inexplicable term, the kingship of Jesus was beyond their faith—but not beyond the faith of the dying thief, he recognized Jesus as a king. What joy this recognition must have given to our Lord! And what joy must have filled the heart of the penitent thief at the assurance that that very day he should with his newly found Lord and Saviour enter the glories of Paradise.

At noonday the sun was suddenly darkened and the whole land lay in darkness until three o'clock, when Jesus with a loud voice committed his soul to God the Father and voluntarily gave up his life. Then the veil of the temple was torn from end to end, that thick curtain which separated the Holy of Holies where the high priest had to go alone once a year to make sacrifice for the sins of the people, from the Holy Place where the priests ministered continually before God. (Hebrews ix., 2-12), thus signifying that the way to God was henceforth open to all men through the death of Jesus Christ, our great and only high priest and sacrifice, (Heb. ix., 24-28). For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figure of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us: nor yet that he should offer himself often, as the high priest entereth into the holy place every year with blood of others; for then must he often have suffered since the foundation of the world; but, now once in the end of the world hath he appeared, to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself.

As it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment: so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation.

C. E. Topic.

Sun., March 24.—Topic—What I owe to Christ.—II. Cor. viii., 9; I. Peter ii., 21-25.

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE BEST COMPANION.

Mon., Mar. 18.—Jesus desires your friendship.—John xxi., 15-17.

Tues., Mar. 19.—The words of Jesus are true.—John viii., 14.

Wed., Mar. 20.—Jesus helps us to be better.—John x., 10.

Thu., Mar. 21.—Christ a friend to men.—Matt. xxiii., 37.

Fri., Mar. 22.—Christ can be your friend.—Matt. vii., 7, 8.

Sat., Mar. 23.—Living with Christ.—I. John iii., 24.

Sun., Mar. 24.—Topic—Companions of Jesus.—Luke xxiv., 13-32.

Free Church Catechism.

35. Q.—What is the essential mark of a true branch of the Catholic Church?

A.—The essential mark of a true branch of the Catholic Church is the presence of Christ, through his indwelling Spirt, manifested in holy life and fellowship.

36. Q.—What is a Free Church?

A.—A Church which acknowledges none but Jesus Christ as head, and, therefore, exercises its right to interpret and administer his laws without restraint or control by the state.

Training Needed.

Parents and teachers have authority. It is their duty to enforce obedience to cause the precept to be practised. This requires discipline, drill, training. It demands wisdom and patience, self-training and prayer. The difficulty lies in this that the will of the child and the scholar has to yield assent. There must be a wise use of authority in enforcing obedience. Here comes in the necessity of the help of the Spirit of God. He will use the means put forth and bless it to the child to the fulfilment of the promise. God has given us ourselves to control, to train, and our children and scholars to teach and train. There is no better work, no greater privilege. Parents and Sunday school teachers are fellow-workers with the Spirit of God. Forget not that the training only begins with the teaching. Training forms character and abides. We need to be not only taught, but trained of God. He disciplines in his school. —George Switzer.

Temperance

Treating.

(By Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.)

Several years ago a gentleman of my acquaintance fell into the nabit of using intoxicants until he seldom passed a day without some symptoms of drunkenness. He sometimes came home to his family in a state of beastly intoxication. Under their piteous appeals he consented to go to an inebriate asylum, and after a few months of treatment he came back apparently reformed. Sunshine again filled the house that had long been shadowed with shame and sorrow. He continued sober for several months, but one day an old friend met him in New York, greeted him cordially, and invited him to go into a down-town restaurant and take a social glass with him. Under a sudden impulse he yielded, and that one glass aroused the latent appetite; the chained tiger was loosed again and my poor friend went home that night pitiably and disgracefully drunk! During the brief remainder of his life he was a wreck.

That whole wretched tragedy of a ruined life was the result of a single act which goes under the deceitful name of 'treating.' That friend who offered the ensnaring glass proved to be a deadly enemy! Grant that he had no intention to work a fatal mischief; grant that he had no thought of doing a serious harm. He did it, however, as surely as if he had been actuated by a fiendish malice.

'For evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as by want of heart.'

Twin Curses.

There is much said and written about the appalling number of persons who drink. Yet two or three times as many use tobacco. While more money is spent for drink, it must be remembered that, relatively considered, tobacco is much cheaper than alcoholic liquors. A glass of beer costs as much as many smokes or chews, and a glass of whiskey, brandy or wine as much as a dozen cigarettes or a whole plug or bag of tobacco.

Our annual consumption of alcoholic liquors is over one billion gallons, or about sixteen gallons to each man, woman, and child. The most of this is lager beer—containing about four or five percent of alcohol,—the remainder being wine—containing from ten to twenty percent of alcohol; whiskey, brandy, and other liquors, containing about fifty percent of alcohol. The total amount of pure alcohol in all liquors arnually consumed in our land is less than 100,000,000 gallons, or about five quarts for each individual.

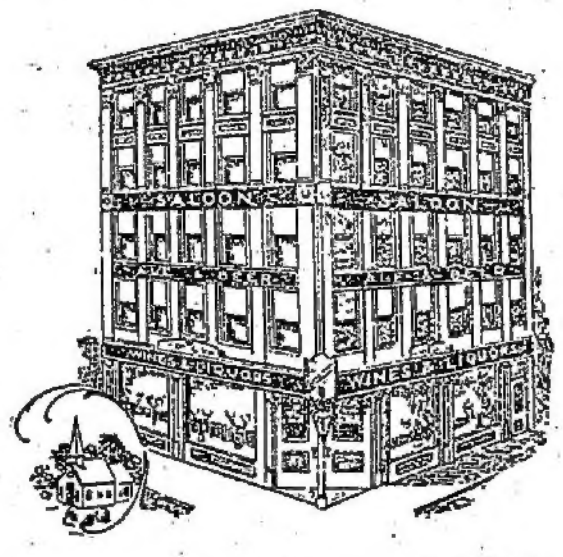
Our annual tobacco crop is nearly 500,000,000 pounds. This is over five pounds for every man, woman and child. From this is made over three billion cigarettes, over four billion cigars, about one hundred million pounds of smoking and nearly two hundred million pounds of chewing tobacco. According to a fair calculation, to consume our annual tobacco crop, it requires that no less than twelve million boys and men smoke or chew three hours daily. —J. A. Conwell, in American Paper.

Why Abstain?

This was the subject of an address Mr. Gourlay, of Teddington, gave to the Wesley Guild there recently. He began by referring to the answer Christ gave to the lawyer who asked, 'Which is the great commandment in the law?' The summary Christ then gave of the law was two-fold: Love of God, love of neighbor. The speaker's reply to the question, 'Why abstain?' was similarly two-fold: Abstain for your own sake, that you may the better love and serve God; abstain for the sake of others, that you may better fulfil the command to love thy neighbor as thyself. Under the first heading he said there were three good objects towards which personal abstinence would powerfully contribute: Health of body, purity of morals, holiness of life. Under the second head he gave five reasons for abstaining for the sake of others. The speaker's whole argument had been set out in colored letters on a large sheet of card board, which at the beginning of his address was covered over by slips of cartridge paper. These slips were withdrawn line by line as he proceeded with his address, until the whole diagram was displayed.

Christ or Bacchus?

America's drink bill for 1897 was, in round numbers ($1,000,000,000) one billion dollars. While during the same period the amount given to Foreign Missions by all religious denominations was the almost insignificant sum of five and a half millions ($5,500,000). Five and a half millions given to advance the Kingdom of Christ, ten hundred millions given to spead the kingdom of darkness. The following diagram, which was prepared for the 'National Temperance Almanac,' will enable our readers to better realize the vast difference between the two amounts, and is a striking object-lesson to every Christian church in the land:



The comparative sizes of the Mission Church and the Saloon show the relative amounts spent on missions and strong drink.—'National Advocate.'

Correspondence

Moorhead, Minn.

Dear Editor,—It is nearly a year since I wrote my first letter to you; since then I have spent most of my time in the doctor's office, having my eyes treated. In my other letter I told you about my eyes giving out. I am wearing glasses now and will always have to. I would have spent a great many lonely hours if it had not been for the doctor's pictures. He has gathered pictures from all over the world. In one room there are four hundred and eighty pictures and sixty casts, and in the waiting room there are two hundred and thirty, including fifteen casts. His private office is also covered with curious pictures and casts. A great many people come from quite a distance to see his collections.

My papa was in Nova Scotia for a visit this winter. He had not been home for twenty years, so you may imagine his joy at getting back to see all his friends and relatives and dear old home country, for though he has had twenty years of life in Minnesota he still loves dear old Nova Scotia. I am sure I would like to visit there, but I am afraid that I am too much of a Minnesota girl to want to live there, although nearly all our relatives are there, and I would like to see them all.

I am so sorry about the dear old Queen's death, for she was loved not only by her own subjects, but by all lovers of true womanliness and virtue everywhere.

At the beginning of the Boer war my father wrote a long letter to the Moorhead 'News' about it.

I do not like war, but I suppose, like a great many other things, it has to be. Papa wishes England victory at any cost.

I enjoy the temperance pieces, as we are all doing all we can for its work.

I am keeping house now for papa while mamma is visiting some friends in California. I like to keep house and cook.

Wishing you and your papers a long life and a prosperous New Year, also the many readers of the 'Northern Messenger,'

I am your earnest reader,
ELSIE E. B.

Dundas.

Dear Editor,—I have three sisters and two brothers. We have a sweet baby, Rose, and a sweet baby, Bessie. I go to the country school. I walk one and a half miles, and my teacher's name is Miss Armstrong. I love my teacher well. I am in the second class. My birthday is on April 25. ANNIE H. M. (Aged 7.)

Deloraine.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Messenger' and I like to read it. I like all the stories in it. We live about a mile from Whitewater Lake, and we can shoot geese. I am a Christian boy. I am ten years old. I see by your correspondence that you must have a lot of people who take your paper. My sister got it as a birthday present. I liked 'Black Rock' and would like to have another story. I have one grandmother and no grandfather. WALTER K.

Norwich.

Dear Editor,—I think the 'Messenger' is the best paper we ever had in our school. My cousin is here from British Columbia and I enjoy hearing the news from that place. I go to the Sunday-school of the Presbyterian Church, and have three sisters and two brothers older than myself.
FLORENCE A. (Aged 10.)

Cushing.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger,' and like to read it very much. We live at Cushing, Que. We have one sister. For pets we have two cats, named Tibbie and Kittie; two dogs, Jack and Puppy, and three dolls. Papa is a farmer, and he has four horses, and forty-two cows. Santa Claus brought us quite a few presents.
DOLLY AND PERCY. (Aged 10 and 8.)

Winslow, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father has taken the 'Messenger' for a long while. I have one sister and four brothers, and a little niece. I do not go to school every day for I have two miles and over to go. I take music lessons. I wonder if any little girls' or boys' birthday comes on the same date as mine—Dec. 29?
LILLIE MAY Mc. (Aged 11.)

Brown's Corners, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday-school and we take the 'Northern Messenger,' and I like to read the Correspondence. I have five sheep and two calves, and a dog for pets. My birthday is on Oct. 11.
WILLIE S. (Aged 11.)

N. E. Margaree.

Dear Editor,—My father has taken the 'Northern Messenger' for two years. I have three brothers and two sisters. I go to Sunday-school in summer, but I cannot go in winter, I am so far from the church—two miles and a half. I see lots of letters in the paper, and I like to read them.
DOLLIE JANE I. Aged 13.

Glen Robertson.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I have five sisters and four brothers. I go to school every day. We got into a new school house and like it very much. We have been taking the 'Northern Messenger' for two years and like it very much.
N. H. (Aged 11.)

Stony Island, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for some time and I like it very much, especially the 'Correspondence.' After I finish reading it, I send it to a friend of mine in the United States. I am twelve years old. I wrote to your paper when I was nine years old, and I spoke of my grandparents, who lived with us. They were very old people, but they are both dead now. I go to school and I am in the ninth grade. I have one brother and no sisters. I have a dog and two cats for pets. There is a nice sand beach, nearly a mile long, near out house. There is a nice place to drive in summer, and there is a lot of shells and pebbles there, too. Now, dear Editor, I wish you and all your readers a happy New Year. B. B. R.

HOUSEHOLD.

How to Gain Flesh.

A girl who was thin to a really painful degree gained thirty pounds in sixty days on the following regime:—Twelve hours' sleep a day. A well-ventilated and cool room to sleep in, with lots of fresh air all night; light down coverlets for warmth, and hot-water bags at the feet if they were cold. Loose, light clothing at all times, with plenty of space about the chest, shoulders and waist; a diet of cereals, cocoa, fresh fruits, and starchy vegetables, potatoes, beans, etc., milk, and cream—everything of a warming, fat-producing nature in the the way of food; warm baths, though not too frequently; moderation in work and play, and plenty of out-door exercise.—Mrs. Humphrey, in 'The Young Woman.'

Laundry Bag.

Take a Turkish towel of pretty design, sew it together on each side (on the wrong side), then turn the fringed ends over and make a hem in the folded part about two inches deep, leaving a space for strings on each side. Use ribbon of contrasting color or colored cord to hang by. Run this draw string in at each end so that it will draw up snug and tight and leave strings to hang up by. This is very pretty and quickly made. — 'N. E. Homestead.'

A Candid Newspaper

'The Montreal 'Witness' is a candid newspaper, and its statement is undoubtly correct.'

—The (Rochester, N.Y.) 'Chronicle.'

The publishers of the 'Witness' would be much obliged if subscribers would mention the 'Witness' to their friends. Every one wants a candid nowspaper whose statements can be relied on, especially during parliament.

'Weekly Witness' trial rate, three months 25 cents.

'Daily Witness' trial rate, one month 25 cents. Stamps accepted.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal, Canada.

About 'World Wide.'

Bridgeport, Ct.

Dear Sir,—I have received a copy of 'World Wide,' which I find so interesting that I am enclosing a postal order for seventy-five cents for a year's subscription.

Sincerely yours,
SARA B. ROGERS.

Dryden, Ont.

The 'Witness' is a model, independent, and Christian daily. Let me add my congratulations on the success of your new venture, 'World Wide.' I am very much pleased with it.

(REV.) JOHN W. LITTLE.

About the 'Witness.'

Buckingham, Que.

Enclosed you will find one dollar for my renewal to the 'Witness.' I have taken this paper for almost thirty years, and I think its equal as a good family paper is very hard, if not impossible, to find. Wishing you every success, I remain,

Your subscriber,
ROBERT FERRIS.

Egerton, Ont.

Please find enclosed my subscription for the 'Weekly Witness.' I am an old subscriber to the dear old 'Witness.' I could not think of farming without it, as I get so many valuable pointers from it. I think it should be read by every farmer in Ontario.

JOHN McLUHAN.

Bentpath.

I have been getting your valuable paper, the 'Witness,' for a number of years, and I highly appreciate it. I depend upon what I see in the 'Witness' more than in any other newspaper. I could not do without it.

F. URQUHART.

OUR BEST PREMIUM.

The New-Century Publication
WORLD WIDE.

A Weekly Reprint of Articles from Leading Journals and Reviews Reflecting the Current Thought of Both Hemispheres.

Special Clubbing Offers

TWO GREAT WEEKLY PAPERS
NORTHERN MESSENGER and WORLD WIDE

12 pages, 30c. 16 pages, 75c.
Aggregating over 850 pages per annum.

Both to one address—Regular price, $1.05. Special price .. .. $ .90
Both to two separate addresses—Regular price, $2.10. Special price 1.50
Both to five separate addresses—Regular price, $5.25. Special price 3.50

THREE GREAT WEEKLY PAPERS

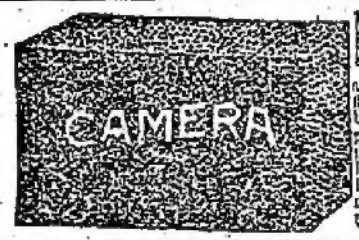
NORTHERN MESSENGER,	WEEKLY WITNESS,	WORLD WIDE,
12 pages, 30c.	20-24 pages, $1.00.	16 pages, 75c.

Aggregating over 2,500 pages per annum.

All to one address—Regular price, $2.05. Special price $1.80
All to two separate addresses—Regular price, $4.10. Special price 2.70

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal, Canada.

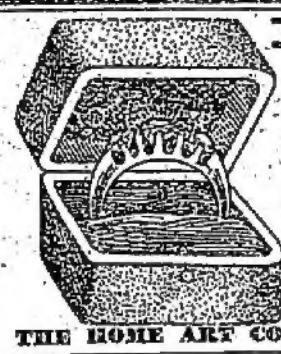
ADVERTISEMENTS.



FREE CAMERA AND OUTFIT for selling 15 beautiful photographs of Queen Victoria at only 10c. each. These photos are full cabinet size, splendidly finished in the very finest style of photographic art. Everybody wants a picture of the Queen. This Camera takes a picture 2x2 inches. The Outfit consists of 1 box Dry Plates, 1 pkg. Hypo., 1 Printing Frame, 2 Developing Trays, 1 pkg. Developer, 1 pkg. Ruby Paper, 1 pkg. Silver Paper and full Directions. Write and we mail photos. Sell them, return money, and we send Camera and Outfit carefully packed, postpaid. THE HOME ART CO., BOX 123 TORONTO

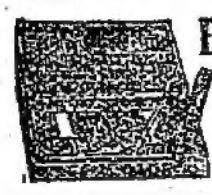
FREE DRESSED DOLL

Given for selling only 2 doz. beautifully finished full-sized **Photographs of the Queen** at 10cts. each. Everyone wants a good picture of Her Majesty. This pretty doll has rosy cheeks, red lips, blue eyes, and an abundance of light, curly hair. She is 19 inches tall, with movable head, arms, and legs. Her dress is of rich material, cut in the latest style and beautifully trimmed with velvet and lace. Her hat is extremely fashionable and she has also stockings, slippers, and underclothing. Write for photos. Sell them, return the money, and we send this beautiful Doll, all charges paid. **THE HOME ART CO., BOX 119 TORONTO, ONT.**

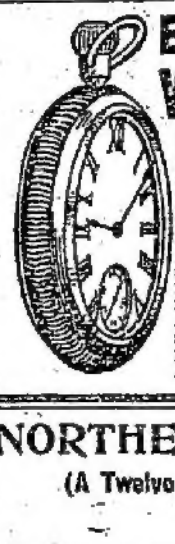


FREE 3 OPALS showing all the colors of the rainbow, set in a splendidly finished Solid-Gold Alloy ring, given for selling only 10 beautifully finished full-sized **Cabinet Photographs of the Queen** at 10c. each. Everyone wants a good picture of **Her Majesty.** Write for Photos. Sell them, return the money, and receive this superb Opal Ring in a handsome plush-lined box, postpaid. **THE HOME ART CO., Box 124, Toronto.**

TOYS A book for boys, giving plain instructions in the making of all manner of toys, machines, &c. Nothing like it for developing a boy's ingenuity. Fully illustrated and so simple that any boy can easily make anything described. Sent by mail for ten cents. McFarlane & Co., 110 Yonge St., Toronto.



BOY'S PRINTER A complete printing office, containing a font of changeable rubber type, ink pad, tweezers and holder. Useful in many ways—printing cards, marking clothing, boxes, etc. Every boy should have one. Postpaid 15 cts. McFarlane & Co., 110 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.



EARN THIS WATCH by selling only 2 doz. beautiful photographs of Her Majesty Queen Victoria at 10c. each. These photos are full cabinet size and are in the very finest style of photographic art. Every person would like to have a good portrait of Her Majesty. This makes our photographs easy to sell. Write and we mail photos. Sell them, return money, and we send postpaid this handsome polished nickel watch, with ornamented edge, hour, minute and second hands and genuine American lever movement. It is accurate and reliable and with care will last ten years. Write to-day. **The Home Art Co., Box 121, Toronto.**

ABSOLUTELY FREE.—I will give a beautiful Watch Chain and Charm absolutely Free if you will sell only one dozen beautiful **Photo Buttons of Late Queen and King Edward VII.** Address F. H. ENGLISH, Iroquois, Ont. This is a chance to get a magnificent Present Free.

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

COCOA

BREAKFAST — SUPPER.

NORTHERN MESSENGER
(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c. each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c. each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c. per copy.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouse's Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son, and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'